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THE CIRCUMSTANTIAL.

Is psychologists to erect the results of their inquiries into a science, and classify mankind according to their mental, as naturalists have arranged them under their organic peculiarities, circumstantial people would be placed under the genus 'bore.' They are greater consumers of time and patience than any of the species into which that very extensive genus may be divided. I am at this moment slowly recovering from the effects of a visit of one of these narrators of very minute and unnecessary particulars. He came to tell me that his eldest daughter had unexpectedly departed for Paris; a piece of information which, in the first place, it was not highly essential for me to know, and which, in the second, might have been communicated in six or eight words. But so prompt a mode of compromising the information with me was by no means to his taste. He entered my study with an air that seemed

'Big with the fate of armies and of kings.'

He had evidently been walking very fast—like a man to whom it was of great consequence to get an important piece of information off his mind as soon as possible. His first words were, 'My dear P—, what do you think?' 'I could not say.' 'Well, then, I'll tell you. Yesterday morning, my wife and I were seated at breakfast alone (for Maria had not come down, having been up late at Mrs Farmer's ball the night before); I was just breaking the shell of my second egg, while Mrs Fraser was remarking, that if Maria did not make haste, her tea would get cold—when there came a double knock at the door, and in bounced Hopperton. "Who would have thought of seeing you at this time of the morning?" said I. "Who, indeed?" he replied, laughing; "but I did not come to see you, Fraser. Oh no, I came to see your wife!" And as he gave Mrs Fraser one of his funny winks, we both laughed. Well, I looked at Mrs Fraser, and Mrs Fraser looked at me, as much as to say, "I wonder what Hopperton wants?" He did not keep us long in suspense; for after my wife had asked him if he had taken breakfast, and he had replied, "Oh yes, hours ago!" (you know he is a very early riser), he unfolded the object of his visit. "The fact is," he began, "my wife and daughter are off to Paris." "To Paris?" exclaimed both myself and my wife at the same instant. "Yes," repeated Hopperton, "to Paris; and my Mary Anne swears—at least not exactly that"—(you know what a funny fellow he is)—"but she declares that she will not go, unless your Maria can accompany them. Now, the question is, Mrs Fraser, can you spare her?" You'll hardly believe me, Peppercorn, when I tell you that my wife was so much astonished at the proposition, that, having the cream-jug in her hand at the time, she let it fall, and spilt the contents

over the hearth-rug—a new one—only sent home from the Pantechnicon three days before. It might have been worse though, for, odd enough, the jug—a glass one—never broke.'

'But about your daughter?' I said, to bring him back to the subject.

'Well, when Mrs Fraser had recovered her fright, and rung for the maid to wipe up the mess on the hearth-rug, she said it was so very startling a proposition, that really she did not know what to say, and for her part she would leave it to me to decide.'

'And,' I interposed, hoping to cut my tormentor short, 'you consented?'

'Wait, and you shall hear. My wife gave me a look, which, I knew perfectly well, meant, "I should like the girl to go." But Hopperton thought she was in doubt, and determined to persuade us. "You see," said he, "such another opportunity may not occur, and it will quite put the finish to your daughter's education; for no girl is thought much of now-a-days who has not been to Paris. Then she will have the opportunity of learning the Polka with my Mary Anne, who is to take lessons from a Bohemian nobleman—the only person, I am told, that teaches the properly authenticated steps and figures." This seemed to strike my wife with great force, and while she was debating the matter with me, down came Maria herself.'

'And the end of it was, I suppose, that Hopperton's arguments prevailed?' I said, touching up the capital D of a Dear Sir with which I had begun a letter, hoping, by this little indication, to show that I was in a hurry to finish the epistle. I might, however, have just as well endeavoured to stop a steam-engine with a hair.

'Wait, wait,' he went on; 'the best of it is to come. Maria blushed, stammered, and looked imploringly at us. Mrs Fraser could not resist. Hopperton told me the whole thing would not cost us above twenty pounds (by the by, I shall not be surprised if I have not five, or perhaps ten more to pay), and, after a little more persuasion, we consented. Poor Maria! she did not eat a bit of breakfast, and as they would have to start at five o'clock this morning (quick work, you see), she went off to begin packing.' This, I fondly hoped, would end the tale; but not so. Fraser insisted on describing every preparation that was made for the journey, even to the articles of dress Miss Fraser had purchased, and the prices paid for them—the exact hour at which the family was called up on the eventful morning, what they had for breakfast, and how long they took to eat it—how much the hackney coachman who conveyed the young lady and her trunks to the steam wharf endeavoured to overcharge—what Mrs and Miss Hopperton said when they met on the deck of the vessel—how much the two younger ladies cried, on parting with

their respective papas—and every occurrence down to the starting of the boat. When, to my great relief, Fraser went away, I found, on consulting my watch, that he had despoiled me of the best two hours of my day. Some time after, on comparing notes with one or two mutual acquaintances, I discovered that they were losers by Fraser of the same quantity of valuable time on the same day by his tedious minuteness in telling the same story.

Fraser is only one of a species divided into many varieties, all of whom are so peculiarly obnoxious to my own habits, feelings, and (I am tempted to add) to my temper, that though I avoid them, when I can, with uncommon promptitude, yet I have many opportunities of studying their peculiarities. A few of these it may be amusing, perhaps useful, to point out.

There is one rule to which I invariably adhere in reference to circumstantial people, which is—never to contradict a circumstantial person, or question by the least hint the truth of his manifold statements; for that is sure to bring down a torrent of trifles in supposed corroboration of what he has been saying. If, for instance, you doubt the correctness of one of this class when he says he did something not very credible—such as having walked five or six miles in an hour—he will try to convince you by declaring upon his honour it is true, for he met his friend Robson before he started, who remarked that he was sure it would rain, and advised me, as I was going so far, to take an umbrella. 'Why, I overtook the Rumble coach, and my brother's wife's cousin was on the outside, and even he called out, What was my hurry? Besides, when I got to my destination, the people I went to see had but just dined, and remarked how warm I looked, insisting upon my taking a glass of soda-water, with a dash of pale sherry in it, just to take away the chill. Nay, upon my word I have not exaggerated—I did the whole distance within the hour—not a minute over.' Whereupon you are expected to have been convinced, although all these 'corroborations' have as much to do with the matter as the man in the moon.

It must not, however, be inferred that the circumstantial are at all addicted to untruth; on the contrary, it is their rigid adherence to the 'whole truth' which—crowding their statements with masses of petty occurrences, and consequently rendering them too confused to be clearly comprehended—causes their narratives to appear to be far from 'nothing but the truth.' By expending their breath in running after unimportant facts, they lose their grasp of the main ones. Their extreme scrupulousness in this respect often keeps their auditor a long while on the threshold of a story before they enter upon it in earnest. This generally arises on a point of time; thus—'Last Thursday—but, let me remember, wasn't it Wednesday? No, it could not have been Wednesday, for I went out of town that day. It must have been Friday; and yet I don't know either: on Friday I had my hair cut, and it was not then, I am certain. No, it was Thursday.' Then, in all probability, the story begins; but when it is to end, is another question, for a narrative commenced after this fashion is certain to be an unusually long one.

Very circumstantial persons keep journals, in which they note down with scrupulous fidelity the daily occurrences of the most monotonous and uneventful lives. I knew an old gentleman who had been engaged from his youth in the Bank of England, where he made his appearance every morning exactly at ten o'clock for fifty years. During that period he lived at Peckham, in the suburbs of London. Yet he journalised with as much industry as if his life had been as eventful as that of Julius Cæsar, or as full of hair-breadth 'scapes as Baron Munchausen's. For lack, however, of great things, he chronicled small. That old gentleman boasted that he could tell—by a minute's reference to his long set of diaries—where he had dined, and what he had had for dinner, on any one day during the last half century! His circumstantiality concerning the petty

events of his long existence were minuted with such fidelity, that although he could give very little information about the battle of Trafalgar, the Restoration of the Bourbons—about Napoleon, Nelson, or Wellington—yet he could tell you with perfect exactitude how many times he had been troubled with the toothache in a half a century, when guineas were worth twenty-seven shillings a-piece, and when the first omnibus was started from Peckham to the Bank, with the price of the fares, and the name of the driver. His mind was as full of those minutiae as his voluminous diaries, of which his conversation was but a tedious repetition. Though an excellent and worthy old gentleman in other respects, his circumstantial garrulity was far from amusing.

Another instance of this passion for scriptural circumstantiality occurs in our own family. My late worthy Aunt Bridget journalised with so much copiousness, that I really believe more than half her time was employed in chronicling the events of the other half. Indeed, unless she had hit upon a plan of shortening her memoranda, I am confident that so great a proportion of her days would have been swallowed up by her commonplace-book, that she would have had no time left to act—to make, in other words, materials for her entries. This plan consisted in writing the initial letter only of the principal words—a system of short-hand which had a very curious effect on some of her closely-filled pages. I once happened to take a peep into this bulky manuscript, and found the following startling memorandum:—'Pipe burst, and W flowed all over the H, putting out the K fire, at which D's and P's were being cooked. This put us all out sadly, for P was coming at 5 to D(dine). However, although this caused our D to be half an hour after the T, yet we got over it very well.' I remember that day perfectly. I have good reason; for during the whole of my stay I was entertained with an account of this disaster; the quantity of water (estimated in pailfuls) which overflowed the house; the name of the poulterer who sold the ducks, and of the green-grocer from whom my aunt bought the peas; the exact time at which the pipe burst, with the precise minute when the smoke-jack stopped, and the kitchen fire went out: not one circumstance which did, might, could, should, or ought to have happened, was abated; and although I dined that day with my Aunt Bridget to transact some important family business, yet I was obliged to leave it undone. She could do nothing but talk of her domestic flood. Peace be with her! Let me chronicle the last event of her life, which was the making of her will—next to her diaries, her greatest literary undertaking. It occupied her a month's incessant dictation to a very expert clerk of mine, and filled two quires of foolscap. She left me about three hundred pounds, the bulk of which was in small bank notes, their numbers and dates carefully noted in her will. The rest was in guineas, each of which was described by the date of its coinage. To some of her legatees, the cost of copies of probate was greater than the value of her bequests; so infinitesimal was her method of describing them.

Speaking of the law naturally reminds one of the extreme circumstantiality of that profession. The wordiness of the most trifling transaction when recorded 'at law,' is perfectly wearying to the intellect, though perhaps necessary to insure correctness. Should, for example, Mr Jones quarrel with Mr Smith, and inflict summary punishment by the slightest tap with a stick, and the case be brought into court, the aggressor is accused in the indictment something after the following fashion:—'That he, the said John Jones, did, on the twenty-ninth day of February last past (to wit, the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and forty-four), in a public thoroughfare, to wit, the Strand, in the city of Westminster, in the county of Middlesex, wilfully, knowingly, with evil intent, and malice aforethought, beat, strike, assault, and otherwise maltreat the aforesaid Thomas Smith with a certain blunt

weapon, stick, rattan, or switch, to wit, a sugar-cane three feet one inch in length, and one quarter of an inch in diameter of thickness, for the purpose, intent, and determination of inflicting on the aforesaid Thomas Smith some grievous bodily harm, and disturbing the peace of her majesty's realm, contrary to the statute in that case made and provided.'

Neither is circumstantiality confined to the law. We sometimes find the professors of medicine indulging in it to a very trying extent, in order, one is occasionally led to suspect, to make the most of their technical knowledge. This is very often the case when such evidence of their acquirements is likely to be made public—as when a surgeon is called upon to give his testimony at an English coroner's inquest or in a court of law. On one occasion, when a friend had, by falling, made a rather deep cut under his knee, the country practitioner who attended him described the accident to me in—as near as I can recollect—the following words. 'The case is this, sir—a severe contusion and puncture has been made at the top of the tibia by some hard and blunt substance—probably a flint stone—the consequence of which is, a wound about an inch long, and (say) a quarter of an inch broad, and of a depth sufficient not only to lay open the cuticle and epidermis, but to sever a portion of the tendon-patella, remove a small section of the periosteum, and contuse the bone. Inflammation has supervened, in consequence of the entrance into the cavity of certain minute particles (probably gravel); which, keeping up a constant and active irritation, are calculated to retard recovery, till removed by means of poultices.' Here I desired my verbose informant to stop, my time not permitting me to listen to the rest of the diagnosis.

From the specimens of circumstantiality which I have produced, it will be found a most time-wasting fault, and one consequently to be avoided. The great art in making statements regarding facts is to seize their main features, without detailing the petty events branching from or clinging to them, as have nothing to do with the circumstance-in-chief which the narrator is anxious to detail.

PHONOGRAPHY.

We have always been inclined to regard attempts to improve the spelling and sign-representation of the English language as visionary, partly because so many very miserable failures have been made in this line, and partly because there appeared so little reason to expect that any improved system would ever be so generally adopted as to become of practical utility. Our views, we candidly confess, have been much changed since we lately became acquainted with the system of phonography invented by Mr Pitman of Bath. This system is now in the course of being explained to popular audiences throughout the country by lecturers commissioned by the inventor, and, having had our attention attracted to it, by the visit of Messrs Woodward and Walker to Edinburgh, we have enabled ourselves to speak with a little confidence of its merits, by going through a course of lessons, in which we have mastered its principal features. We shall endeavour to give our readers some general knowledge of it, certain that, if we fail in making the subject interesting, it must be our own blame, as the lectures of our preceptor in the art were universally felt to be that and something more, namely, entertaining.

The evil which phonography primarily proposes to reform, is the imperfection of our alphabet as a means of representing the sounds of our language. There are about thirty-eight sounds in the English tongue, and only twenty-six letters with which to express them, two of these (c g) having two different sounds to represent, while q represents a sound which can also be represented by k. The representation of sounds by signs

began in the infancy of mankind, and was very inadequately effected by the alphabets which they invented. The forms of the letters of these alphabets were determined by chance and caprice, and were far from being so simple as they might have been. The consequences are, that the words of all written languages are set down or spelt in an arbitrary manner, and that the writing of these languages is invariably a tedious process. There is confessedly no principle in the spelling of English words. The letter a, for instance, has four sounds, as in psalm, mat, mate, fall. The other vowels have several sounds each; and several combinations of letters, of frequent use, have different sounds in different words; thus, *ough* has the various pronunciations expressed in thought, though, through, plough, cough, rough, hough, hiccough. By way of an illustration of the uncertainty of the sounds of words in the English language, we may borrow, from a late privately printed pamphlet, a line forming a gentleman's name, which may well defy correct pronunciation in all but those who have heard it sounded—

SIR GEART PRIESE GROUGH, BARONET, OF THOVE.

Ea in Geart may be pronounced four ways, as in *Great*, *Heat*, *Heart*, *Earth*, and the G either as in *get* or *gem*. Therefore the Christian name Geart may be any one of the eight words, *Gært*, *Gyrt*, *Gart*, *Gert*, *Djært*, *Djyrt*, *Djart*, *Djert*. Ie in Priese may be pronounced four ways, as in the words *Friend*, *Grieve*, *Sieve*, *Cries*; and the *se* may sound sharp, as in *Geese*, or flat, as in *Cheese*. Priese may therefore be one of the eight words *Pres*, *Preece*, *Priss*, *Prys*, *Prez*, *Preeze*, *Priz*, *Prize*. Ough in Grough may be pronounced in any one of the eight ways above enumerated; so our baronet's patronymic may be *Grau*, *Gro*, *Groo*, or *Grou*—*Grof*, *Gru*, *Groh*, or *Grup*. Ove in Thove may be pronounced three ways, as in *rove*, *prove*, and *love*; and Th may be either hard, as in *Thorpe*, or soft, as in *Thee*, or as T, as in *Thomas*. Therefore, Thove is susceptible of nine interpretations of sound. The sum is this, the name of the baronet may be *SIR GEART* (or *Gyrt*, *Gart*, *Gert*, *Djært*, *Djyrt*, *Djart*, or *Djert*) *PRIESE* (or *Preece*, *Priss*, *Prys*, *Prez*, *Preeze*, *Priz*, or *Prize*), *GRAU* (or *Gro*, *Groo*, *Grou*, *Grof*, *Gru*, *Groh*, or *Grup*), of *Thove*, *Thooove*, or *Thuv*. Suppose each of the varieties of Grough is liable to have any one of the varieties of Priese to precede it, there will be sixty-four possible varieties of pronunciation for Priese Grough, two syllables of the name. Each of these varieties may be preceded by any one of the eight possible varieties of pronunciation for the name Geart, making 512 varieties for Geart Priese Grough. Taking Thove at nine varieties, though it seems to have more, and considering that each of the preceding variations of the name may be followed by one of these peculiar ways of pronouncing the appellation of the estate, we shall see that the full designation of this English gentleman (a real person, we believe) may be pronounced no less than 4608 different ways. Moreover, it so happens that the people of Sir Geart's neighbourhood pronounce the vowels in Grough as in the word *cow*, so that, after all, not one of these 4608 pronunciations is the right one!


This, it may be said, is an extreme case; and certainly it is so; but the language is nevertheless full of anomalies of the same kind, inasmuch that, on a careful investigation of 50,000 words, it is ascertained that only about fifty, or one in a thousand, are pronounced as might be expected from the spelling. The following illustration is a less striking one than the above, yet sufficient to show how far our orthography is from being a guide to pronunciation. To show the incongruities, each rhyming word in the second line is spelt in the same way as the first.


'Twas a fine winter's day, their breakfast was done,
And the boys were disposed to enjoy some good food.
Sam Sprightly observed, 'Tis but just half-past eight,
And there's more time for play than when breakfast is light;
And so I'll agree, that, as cold is the morning,
We'll keep ourselves warm at the game of stag morning.



I'm stag' With his hand in his waistcoat he's off;
 And his playmates are dodging him round the pump troff.
 Sam's active; but still their alertness is such,
 It was not very soon that e'en one he could tuck.
 The captive's assailed by jokes, buffets, and laughter,
 By a host of blithe boys quickly following aughter;
 But joined hand in hand, their forces are double,
 Nor for jokes nor for buffettings care they a double.
 All's activity now, for high is the sport;
 Reinforcements arrive from the shed and shed cort.
 More are caught, and their places they straightway assign
 At the middle or end of the lengthening sign;
 To break it some push with both shoulder and thigh,
 But so firm is the hold that vainly they trigh.
 Oh, 'tis broken at last! now scamper the whole,
 To escape their pursuers, and get to the pole.
 All are caught now, but one, of the juvenile hosts,
 And he, a proud hero, vain-gloriously boasts!
 But, hark! the clock strikes, and then, by the rules,
 They must quickly collect for their several schules;
 We'll leave them awhile at their books and their sums,
 And join them again when the afternoon cums.




It need scarcely be remarked what a difficulty our imperfect representation of sounds introduces into the study of our language, both for children and strangers. A child, who is told that *love* is *luv*, necessarily of course presumes that *o* has the power of the vowel sound in *luv*, and, on coming to pronounce *prove*, supposes himself right when he says *pruv*; whereas it is *proove*. And so on with all the other 49,950 misrepresented words of the language, each of which requires a special effort of memory regarding itself, before the student can be considered as perfect in orthoëpy; the acquisition of orthography, or correct spelling, being a converse difficulty of not less magnitude. How much of the time, labour, and mental energy of an infant is thus absorbed merely in getting over the difficulties imposed by a bad system handed down from antiquity!




It is obvious that, by having a sign for each of the thirty-eight radical sounds, and spelling the words with these in all instances according to the sound, the literature of our speech would be of infinitely easier acquisition, because we should then be guided by a few simple and invariable principles, instead of being required to fix thousands of eccentricities in our memory. To furnish such an extended alphabet, has been often attempted, but never successfully, in our opinion, until now, when the task has been undertaken by a man apparently of much ingenuity, guided by an enlightened view of natural principles. Mr Pitman's system has also the advantage of furnishing a short-hand of an unusually easy kind.

In pursuit of simplification, this gentleman classes the mute and semivocal consonants in couples, which are merely lighter or graver variations of one sound—*p*, *b*; *t*, *d*; *ch*, *j*; *k*, *g*; *f*, *v*; *th* as in *think*; and *th* as in *them*; *s*, *z*; *sh*, *zh*; and he thus obtains the advantage of expressing these respectively by lighter and heavier strokes, conformably to the nature of their sound. The signs adopted for the mutes are geometric forms of the simplest kind, and determined by an analogy to the modes of their pronunciation. The figure  expresses them






in union, being all the available radii of the upper half of a circle. The stroke or radius to the right is adopted to represent *p* (in its lighter form) and *b* (in its heavier form), because the pronunciation of these takes place nearest to the front of the vocal organs. The upright stroke represents *t* and *d*, because these are sounded from a point next farther back in the mouth. The stroke leaning to the right represents *ch* and *j*, and the horizontal stroke *k* and *g*, for similar reasons. The simplicity of these characters, as distinguished from those which we derive from ancient hieroglyphics, derived in their turn from pictures of objects, must be striking to all; and yet, it will be observed, they are entirely distinct from each other, and therefore not to be mistaken in any possible case. The semivocals are partly marked on the same principle; thus , a curve for a stroke in the same direction, represents *f* and *v*,



according as it is written lightly or heavily; , the line curved, is *th*, light or heavy;  is *s* and *z*, accord-


ing as it is thin or thick; and  is *sh* and *zh*. The liquids *l* and *r* are represented by  (and) . *M* is



; *n* is ; and *ng* is ; namely, the *n* character marked heavily. These are the whole of the substantial sounds or consonants of the language.


The vowels are produced in an equally simple manner. What may be called the fundamental vowels of the human speech, are those in the following words—*reed*, *mate*, *psalm*, *caught*, *pope*, *room*; namely, *e*, *a*, *ah*, *au*, *oe*, *oo*. And these Mr Pitman expresses by heavy dots and short strokes placed at various points along the body of the consonants. Thus, taking the consonant *t*, we have the vowels formed as follows—

     The first of these associations

is the word *eat*, the second *ate*, the fourth *aught*, and the fifth *oat*. So, likewise, transposing the arrangement, we have  *key*,  *kay*; and so forth, the vowel being here sequential to the stroke. The other vowels are those expressed in the following words—*sit*, *et*, *sat*, *ot*, *rut*, *look*, and these are only the others shortened; they are marked by merely a light instead of a heavy dot or hyphen. There are also compound vowels—*ye*, *ya*, *yah*, *yau*, *yo*, *yoo*; *we*, *wa*, *wah*, *wau*, *wo*, *woo*; *i*, *oi*, *ou*; *wi*, *wou*; and these are expressed by little cusps and arrow-heads, arranged in similar relations to the consonants. It is needless here to give examples.

The whole of the mutes and some of the semivocals are liable in our language to be often associated with *l* and *r*, as in the words, *please*, *praise*, *little*, *tract*; and so forth. This combination is stenographically expressed by merely a hook at the beginning of the fundamental consonant, turned to the right for *l*, and to the left for *r*. A hook made in like manner at the ends of the letters, adds other sounds; in the straight-line letters, at the left, it indicates *n*, at the right, *tion*; towards the inside of the bend in the curved letters, *n*. There is also a reader mode of the letter *s* by a loop at the beginning or end of the adjoining consonants; and the ed of the preterite tense is denoted by giving the preceding consonant of half the usual size; thus,  *dip*, when written

thus  becomes dipped;  *fable*, when written

becomes *fabled*; and so on. The abbreviative power of the system is strongly marked in some instances. For example, two strokes or moves of the hand  would express the word *cautioned*, which requires twenty-eight to execute in the ordinary hand.

Such are the main features of Mr Pitman's phonography; a few less important particulars are overlooked, for the sake of simplicity. It appears that the system, wherever it is explained, meets a warm reception from many persons. It impresses all with an admiration of its simplicity and truthfulness, the result of the relation which it bears to natural principles; and hundreds and thousands have studied it so far as to be able to correspond in it. We find that four lessons have enabled us to convey the system into our mind, and that only practice could further be necessary to enable us to write it with ease and speed. The great question will be, of course, to what good? We wish to give a candid answer, when we say that a large and wide-spread adoption of the system does not seem to us as altogether to be despaired of. It is very clear that, when the present acknowledgedly bad system is once, with whatever difficulty, acquired, there is a great indisposition to take the trouble of mastering a new one, however simple. Familiarised with literature in its present appearance, every new mode of expressing it

appears barbarous and ridiculous; and there is a positive dislike to all fresh trouble upon the subject. These facts may be admitted, and yet we would still say that phonography may make progress. A writer for the press may have the benefit of its distinctness and brevity of manual labour, where he is accustomed to have his manuscript set up by one set of compositors, these individuals being also acquainted with it. Merchants and others, accustomed to correspond, may take advantage of its amazing facility. And by thus, as it were, effecting settlements amongst us, it may in time advance to be the predominant system. There are, however, other hopes for phonography. It may yet be found of vast service in the missionary cause. When a need occurs, as is every day the case, for expressing the Scriptures in a barbarous and hitherto unwritten language, this mode of writing ought decidedly to be adopted. We undertake to say that, expressed by characters so unequivocal, and so easily distinguished, a savage novice in Christianity would learn to read the Bible in one-twentieth of the time necessary when his language is expressed in English characters. The difficulty of rightly expressing a hitherto unwritten language in our alphabet, has been experienced near our own doors; namely, when, in the reign of Charles II., it became necessary to print books in Gaelic. Written as this language is, no ordinary scholar could read it from a book, without a great deal of particular instruction; but a phonographer unacquainted with the language could write a sermon at Killin, and his manuscript could be read out by another phonographer to an audience in Kintyre, not one of whom would fail to understand it, though it was a mere babble to the reader. We cordially, then, recommend the consideration of phonography to those engaged in the diffusion of sacred knowledge among the heathen: it would probably be found the greatest aid they had ever derived from human ingenuity for the advancement of their objects. It might even be worthy of deliberation, whether phonography is not the mode of reading which should be first imparted to the young. Children of six years old would learn to read in it in a very few weeks, and their minds would thus be at once prepared for the further illumination to be gained from education, instead of spending years in mastering eccentricities and barbarisms which are purely accidental, and when learned, constitute no real knowledge. An acquaintance with the forty-nine thousand nine hundred and fifty capriciously-formed signs for as many words, might be acquired in subsequent years, when the mind was better fitted for application to such a task. Only, it is to be feared that, if once accustomed to the directness, clearness, and truthfulness of phonography, it might be found impossible to bend the mind to pay the useful attention to what has been called One Great Untruth, the ordinary mode of expressing our language.

MR. KOHL IN SCOTLAND.

It will be seen, by reference to former articles on this gentleman's travels,* that after having inspected a part of England and Wales, he departed from Holyhead, and having taken a hasty survey of Ireland, entered Scotland by the Clyde. 'The first object which greeted my eyes at Glasgow,' he says, 'was an enormous chimney, which towered out through the mist over the city like the Minster of Strasburg and the St Stephen's Tower of Vienna.' This chimney—said to be 450 feet high, and the tallest in Great Britain—shoots up from Tennant's chemical works, to conduct the noxious vapours which issue from them sufficiently high to prevent damage to the air breathed by the inhabitants. It suggested to Kohl an idea which is striking, and not altogether impracticable. 'What an excellent thing it would be to make them yet more extensive, and make a

few giant chimneys carry up the smoke of a whole town, by conducting it through subterranean passages from each of the houses. These colossal chimneys might easily be converted into picturesque and beautiful objects, by the application of some architectural taste to their construction and decoration. The numberless ugly little chimneys which at present deform great towns would then vanish; and as the whole might be placed under the superintendence of regular functionaries, the many fires which now continually break out in private chimneys would be avoided.'

Nothing seems to have surprised our traveller so much in Glasgow as the large commercial establishment of the Messrs Campbell. 'I visited,' says he, 'the greatest warehouse of manufactured goods in the town, that of the brothers Campbell, who employ no fewer than 200 clerks [or shopmen] in their establishment. Of all the goods sold there, none interested me more than the Scottish checked cloth, or "tartan," as it is called. Next to the tartans, the great embroidering establishments in the house of the brothers Campbell attracted my attention. Numbers of young girls were there occupied in embroidering caps, collars, christening robes, and other garments. The kind of embroidery here worked is called Moravian point. Means have been discovered for printing the pattern to be followed upon the muslin to be embroidered, and this occasions a great saving of time and trouble. In this way 150 embroiderers can produce from 1500 to 2000 richly embroidered caps in a month. A great number of these, as of the other embroidered articles, are of course sent to London. The owners of this great establishment, the Messrs Campbell, began with only a hundred pounds capital. They are now among the richest people in Glasgow, and one of them is lord provost of the city. Chambers asserts, in his Picture of Scotland, that the receipts of this house amounted in the year 1834 to L433,021 sterling, an amount probably unequalled by any other similar retail-dealers in the world. These gentlemen may, perhaps, have earned their wealth hardly enough; but it very frequently happens that a single lucky hit, a single happy idea, makes the fortune of a manufacturer in Glasgow. The animation and spirit with which commerce is carried on in Great Britain, and the immense extent of the market which lies open to the British manufacturer, give such a wide sphere to every invention, and allow each, if successful, such rich and immediate rewards, as can be realised in no other country. I was told of a man who invented a new kind of pocket-handkerchief, the colour and pattern of which happening suddenly to become fashionable among the English and their 100,000,000 of colonists, he became a very wealthy man in an incredibly short space of time. Many other manufacturers endeavoured, of course, to imitate these favourite handkerchiefs, but they did not succeed until the inventor had had time, as I have said, to realise most ample profits. England is truly the country for inventors: here a single lucky thought in this way, hundreds of thousands of which would elsewhere be comparatively useless, may become a true Fortunatus's purse to the possessor. Doubtless hundreds of such lucky notions, which might make a millionaire of me in England, are perpetually springing up in my brain, and dying away for want of exercise; lucky notions upon which others will some day grow rich, although they will at last take the same way which I next took, namely, towards the churchyard.'

Speaking of the wonderfully rapid rise of Glasgow—'At the time of the Union, about a hundred years ago, Glasgow contained only 12,000 inhabitants, and was totally unknown to the rest of Europe. Since then, the city has twelve times doubled its original population; and it now contains 282,000 inhabitants. It is to the cotton lords, and their enterprising speculations, that Glasgow chiefly owes its prosperity. The landlords prefer residing in the old aristocratic cities of eastern Scotland, particularly in Edinburgh, which offers in everything a striking contrast to Glasgow. Edinburgh

* A paper on Mr Kohl's travels in Ireland appeared in No. 3; one on his English travels, in No. 39; both of the present series.

is the centre of rank, cultivation, art, and literature; Glasgow of wealth, manufacture, and commerce. Edinburgh glories in antiquity and historical recollections; Glasgow in its rapid rise and ever-increasing vigour. Both cities are, upon the whole, favourable to the cause of reform and progress, but Glasgow more uniformly so than Edinburgh.

From the metropolis of the west of Scotland Mr Kohl proceeded to Edinburgh—a two hours' ride by railway—through what he calls the heart of the Scottish Lowlands. Edina, with 'its palaces and towers,' astonished and delighted our traveller of many lands. But if the elegance of the architecture, and the general neatness of the newer part of the city, with its wealthy and fashionable society, afford much to admire, so does the more ancient part—the Old Town, perched on its long and abrupt hill—awaken feelings not less of surprise than distress. 'The appearance of Edinburgh is particularly striking at night, and I do not believe there is a city in Europe which is rendered so beautiful by its street-lamps and house-lights of different kinds. The Old Town, the immense houses of which, towering one above another, are seen from the splendid line of Princes Street, which runs all along the side of the flower-and-tree-filled valley, like a quay along a river bank, is particularly brilliant at night. This Old Town glitters every day of the week with numberless ranges and clusters of lights, as other cities do only on great festive occasions. Yet all this splendid array of lights is the consequence of poverty and wretchedness. All these high houses are filled with crowded inhabitants from cellar to roof, and every room has its separate family. As all these poor people are at work till very late at night, light glimmers from the window of every crowded and comfortless room; whilst in the houses of the rich, whole suites of rooms lie unoccupied, and consequently dark.' Visiting the old parts of the town, he proceeds—'Had I not witnessed the condition of the poor in the Polish cities, and had I not seen in various parts of the world so much misery, squalidness, and privation everywhere connected with poverty, I should say that the condition of the poor in some parts of the Old Town of Edinburgh was the most painful and humiliating spectacle that human eye could witness; but so great is the amount of privation and wretchedness endured in different parts of the world, that I hesitate to give the preference to any. Certain it is, however, that the manner of life of the poor in Edinburgh has its own very peculiar evils, which arise chiefly from the remarkable mode of building adopted in the part of the town they inhabit. The "closes" of the Old Town are probably the narrowest streets in the world. The lanes and alleys of Genoa, and those of the Oriental cities, are broad and spacious compared to them. Some are literally only a yard and a half, or two yards across from house to house! Formerly the houses in these closes were inhabited by wealthy nobles, and many of them still bear the names of distinguished old families. It may be imagined, therefore, how filthy and pestilential is the very air in these closes. As neither sun nor wind can ever pierce them, they are always damp. In many places I saw heaps of dirt lying in them, which had evidently been accumulating for years. Strange irregular piles of steps, placed like ladders, on the outside, lead into the upper and inner parts of these houses, which consist of narrow passages, stone steps, and wretched holes of rooms, all forming the most irregular and intricate labyrinth. The windows of these miserable dens often command the most extensive and magnificent views through the narrow mountain-clefts, called streets, over the beautiful New Town with its hills, valleys, and gardens. The cholera made frightful ravages in these closes, often as unvisited by the physician and the police, as by the sun and wind; and it is said that some of them are never quite free from infectious diseases of the worst kinds. They contain many Irish inhabitants; and as the Irish never can do without pigs wherever they are, they often take their

favourite animals to live with them five or six storeys high, where they fatten them in the bed-chamber or dressing-room of some noble courtier of the sixteenth century. It is said that at the time of the cholera, when the police endeavoured to clean out and set in order some of these wretched places, they once had to let down a number of pigs through a window four storeys high, because they had grown too fat to pass through the narrow stone doorways by which they were brought in.

'I confess that I was deeply interested by the extraordinary scenes and sufferings to be witnessed in these old parts of Edinburgh; and I visited them several times, both by day and night. The most painful thought connected with them was, that the misery and wretchedness of these places seem likely to remain unimproved for an indefinite period of time. Something, indeed, the authorities of Edinburgh are doing here and there for the purification and enlargement of the closes; and old buildings and alleys are occasionally pulled down to make room for new ones.' Here we must correct Mr Kohl. The authorities of Edinburgh have never, as far as we are aware, taken any pains to improve the dwellings of the poor, or to render the place generally more salubrious. Old houses have been removed, but only to make room for buildings suitable for the middle and higher classes; so that, in point of fact, every such so-called improvement has had the natural effect of driving the poor into more confined spaces. This has been again and again represented to the town authorities; but without effect, either from the want of common sense to understand, or of energy to grapple with, such horrors. Amongst objects which Mr Kohl is pleased to call interesting, he includes our own printing-office, which he visited, and honours with a flattering notice.

From Edinburgh he ascended the Forth to Stirling, and thence to the Highlands by way of Drummond Castle and Crieff, Perth and Dunkeld. At Loch Tay, Mr Kohl, on seeing a Highland drover's hut, was reminded of Landseer's admirable picture; apropos of which we are furnished with some interesting facts regarding Highland droves and drovers. 'The cattle forming one of these great droves are ordered to be assembled on a certain day, at an appointed spot—at the foot of a mountain—on the shore of a lake in the neighbourhood of a village, and in all probability of some renowned battle-field. Herdsmen are then chosen for the different divisions of the drove, and over them all is placed a sort of leader, called a "topsmen." This "topsmen" executes all the business, conducts all the movements of the drove, and is responsible to the proprietors for the value of the cattle. He is always in motion; sometimes at the head, sometimes in the rear, and his advice is asked on all occasions. He knows the safest roads through the wildest mountain districts. He usually prefers, if he has any choice, the grassy byways to the hard and dusty high-roads, as at the same time more agreeable to the hoofs of the cattle, and affording them food on the road. The topsmen are generally well paid for their trouble; and as bankers are to be found everywhere at the present day, the pecuniary part of their affairs is generally transacted by means of them. In former days, the Highland proprietor himself frequently accompanied his drove to the south, and brought home his money in his own hands. The day of departure of one of these droves is usually one of great importance to all the hills and glens in the neighbourhood. It is this moment which Edwin Landseer has chosen for the picture I have alluded to; and as he paid a visit to the north on purpose to study the character of the people and of the scenery, the accuracy of all its details renders it not only valuable as a masterpiece of art, for poetical design and treatment, but also for the ethnographical fidelity of its delineation. The time chosen is the early morning, when the drove is about to begin its march to the south. There are the young men who are to accompany it taking leave of their huts, their parents, or of those still dearer; the old people anxiously calculating the welcome profit which is to return to them from their

departing cattle; the topsman, who must leave house and farm, wife and children, and to whose parting the artist has given a tinge of melancholy, harmonising well with a farewell scene. The landscape belongs to the centre of the Scotch Highlands, where at this moment I found myself. A range of dark and cloud-capped mountains appears in the distance, beyond which lie the beautiful plains of the south, towards which the march proceeds. A lake expands its bosom at the foot of the hills, and on a tongue of land projecting into it lies an ancient castle in ruins, carrying back the thoughts to stormy times, and to the warlike chieftains who inhabited it. Some of the foremost divisions of the drove have already set out in the direction of the mountains, straggling about, as cattle do, and snatching on their way a mouthful of grass, or water from the lake, but kept carefully apart by their respective drovers, who walk soberly after them with the earnest air of men bent on a great undertaking. Some herdsmen are taking a farewell cup at the door of a hut, which straw, and heather, and smoke point out as a human habitation; while in the rude structure of a little cart made of a kind of wicker-work, we perceive that society, amidst these Highland hills, is still in the primitive state so favourable to the efforts of the painter. The centre of the picture, and the principal figure, is that of the topsman, who, in full travelling costume, with his kilt on, his plaid over his shoulder, his sandals on his feet, and on his head the "blue bonnet" (probably made at Kil-marnock, for the Scotch say they are not made properly anywhere else), has taken his little son in his arms, while his wife replenishes his travelling bottle with whisky. The infant has caught his father's smartly-mounted dirk, and is carrying it, as babies do all things they lay hold of, to his mouth. The old white-headed father of the topsman has come out of the hut, and sat down before the door, his bent form and wrinkled face indicating his great age; he is probably somewhat deaf, for his unmarried, blooming, black-haired daughter is stooping down to his ear to speak to him, while she wraps closely round him a thick woollen covering, to protect him from the sharp mountain air. It seems as if this must be the last time the old man could witness this stirring scene; but we may recollect in his favour that in Scotland people live to almost as great an age as in Russia or Norway. In the year 1821, there were in Scotland, among 2,093,000 of inhabitants, no less than 150,000 who were above sixty years of age; that is, one out of every thirteen. It is likely that this circumstance would produce a very favourable influence on the state of national morals.' By Killin and Loch Katrine our traveller returned to Stirling, and thence to Edinburgh.

The chief peculiarity of this amusing tourist is the miscellaneousness of his remarks. Whatever thoughts suggest themselves by any of the persons he meets or scenes he witnesses, he jots down at once; hence they have a freshness and a pertinence which a more systematic writer could not attain. With some of these scattered notices we conclude.

An article of food new to the British cuisine is suggested by the seed-shops. 'In general, the shops of English seed-merchants are decorated with a number of fine pumpkins; but, what is very remarkable, this kind of fruit is never eaten, not even the poorest knowing how to boil the pumpkin, and prepare it for the table. It is grown merely for ornament; and yet how many poor people might sometimes make a meal off one pumpkin, if somebody would only teach them how to dress it! He who attempted to introduce the cultivation and use of the pumpkin into Scotland, might not perhaps have to congratulate himself on very splendid success, but suppose he only enriched his country by providing additional food for twelve human creatures. The Romans voted a crown to him who saved the life of a fellow-citizen; should not he be entitled to the same reward who provided room and subsistence for another reasoning creature?'

On his way to Drummond Castle our author met with a parish schoolmaster, whereupon the following colloquial comparison between the condition of Scottish and German schoolmasters ensues:—"I could not help silently comparing this abode [the schoolmaster's house] with those of our village schoolmasters in Saxony, and wondering at the progress made of late years, in this respect, in Scotland. I expressed aloud the agreeable surprise I felt at this change, and my new friend declared that he was content with his position. On the whole, however, he added, "there was a good deal of discontent among the parish schoolmasters, on account of the smallness of their pay." I replied that the same complaint was often heard in Germany; and he inquired what was the average pay of our schoolmasters. "It varies a good deal," was my answer; "some have a hundred, some a hundred and fifty, but many no more than fifty dollars."

"How many pounds go to a dollar?" asked he.

"Seven dollars go to a pound," said I.

"What!" he exclaimed, springing up from his chair, "do you mean to tell me that they pay a schoolmaster with seven pounds a-year?" "Even so," I replied, "seven pounds; but how much, then, do they get with you?"

"I know no one who has less than from L.40 to L.50 in all Scotland; but the average is L.70 or L.80, and many go as high as L.150."

"What!" cried I, springing up in my turn, "L.150! that makes 1050 dollars. A baron would be satisfied in Germany with such a revenue as that; and do you mean to say that there are schoolmasters who grumble at it?"

"Yes," said he; "but recollect how dear things are with us. Sugar costs eightpence a pound, coffee two shillings: chocolate is still dearer, and tea not much cheaper. And then how dear are good beef and pork, and plums, and puddings, and everything else!" I could not deny this; but I thought that our poor schoolmasters were content if they had but bread.'

BELTED WILL HOWARD.

WE were grieved to hear a few weeks ago that the fine old fortress at Naworth, in Cumberland, belonging to Lord Carlisle, had been entirely destroyed by fire, thus adding another item to the list of things fashioned by our forefathers of which time or accident is gradually depriving us. As a memorial of things as they existed when the world was some centuries younger than it is now, and still more of those turbulent days, the recollection of which our border minstrelsy has helped to perpetuate, Naworth Castle was a place of great interest. Its halls and courts, its dungeons and battlements, told to the man of reflecting mind tales of no dull character. Its weather-beaten, time-stricken walls, had witnessed deeds of violence and bloodshed (gallantry and patriotism they were thought then) the like of which, even if those walls had stood, they would, it is hoped, never have seen again. Border warfare and its horrors have long since disappeared; peace, with its blessings, now reigns throughout the district; and yet the mind, against its better reason, cannot forbear reverting with pleasure to the agitated history of former days, as transmitted to us through the coloured media of ballad and tradition. Such charms for all time have adventurous courage and endurance; such is the sanctifying power of time. Hence arises one great source of the pleasure we feel in contemplating an old fortress, connected as it is with the times of which we speak.

It was not, however, to give a description of Naworth that we took up our pen, but to recount the history of one of its inhabitants, the Lord William Howard, through whose residence there the castle acquired much of its celebrity. This nobleman (better known as 'Belted Will') was the son of Thomas, fourth Duke of Norfolk, and grandson of the Earl of Surrey, whose name is famous in the annals of English literature as the first writer of blank verse in 'the vulgar tongue.' He seemed destined to experience and

exemplify the truth, that no rank confers an immunity from misfortune; nay, that at certain periods those most elevated are most liable to calamity. His mother died shortly after his birth, his grandfather perished on the scaffold, and in his ninth year he was compelled to see his father suffer the same fate on Tower Hill for a traitorous attachment (so it was alleged) to the Queen of Scots. The sons were thereupon deprived of rank and estates, so that they were truly reduced to that plight foreseen by the duke (whose grief had need to stretch itself beyond the hour of death), when he described them, shortly before his execution, as having 'nothing to feed the cormorants withal.'

William, at the age of fourteen, was married to his father's ward, the Lady Elizabeth Dacre, who was by some years his junior. Their own statement in after-years was, that at the period of their espousals they 'could not make above twenty-five years both together.' Contrary to what might naturally be expected, his marriage with this lady, who, as one of the co-heiresses of George Lord Dacre, brought Naworth and other large estates into the Howard family, was eminently happy. His attachment to her continued unchanged through the troubles and distractions of a long life. 'In his accounts,' says Mr Howard of Corby Castle, in his Memorials of the Howard Family, a folio volume printed, but not published, 'there are a number of presents to her, even to decorate her person at an advanced age; and he had her portrait taken by Cornelius Jansen, the best painter then known, when she was in her seventy-third year. He fired with indignation, amounting almost to implacability, at Sir William Hutton's having insinuated that she, during his absence, when he was warden of the marches, had connived at the escape of a prisoner, and would scarce accept an ample apology.' The Earl of Arundel, Lord William's eldest brother, having adopted the Roman Catholic faith, and not deeming it safe to remain in England, attempted to make his escape to the continent; but he was intercepted just as he was stepping on board the vessel, and committed to the Tower. Lord William and one of his sisters soon followed their brother into the same place of captivity, at a time most inconvenient for their interests. A claim for the Dacre estates had been set up by Francis Dacre, uncle to the two noblemen's wives; and this claim he prosecuted with great eagerness. Notwithstanding every unjustifiable contrivance was resorted to, jurors packed, 'nay, the counsellors refused to plead their title when they had been formally reteneved,' yet the trial passed in favour of the Howards. After a year's imprisonment, Lord William was allowed to go scot free; his brother was also liberated, but not quite so easily; they made a star-chamber matter of it, and inflicted a heavy fine. Although an end had been put to the litigation by a solemn judgment against the claimant, it by no means consorted with the queen's policy to suffer such large estates to pass at once into the hands of disaffected persons, as the Howards were thought to be. They petitioned Elizabeth for a restitution of their rights; but it was not until 1601, that is, thirty years after those rights had accrued, nor until a 'consideration' to the amount of £10,000 was paid into her exchequer, that she consented to her petitioners the justice they sued for. Brighter days dawned upon the house of Howard when Elizabeth died. It was now that William began to repair the decayed castle at Naworth, where old Camden found him in 1607. Having been appointed warden of the marches by King James, he garrisoned Naworth with one hundred and forty men, resolving to fulfil his duties with assiduity and vigour. His efficient measures so terrified the Scots, that the very children were stilled when their mothers threatened them with his name; a trick they did not fail to use when need required. It has been stated, that Indian nurses are wont, in like manner, to menace their rebellious charges with the vengeance of Saib Warren Hastings even at this day. 'When in their greatest height,' says old Fuller, 'the moss-troopers had two great enemies—the laws of the land and Lord Wil-

liam Howard of Naworth. He sent many of them to Carlisle, to that place where the officer always does his work by daylight.' It seems that he did not always trouble himself to send culprits so far as Carlisle, for a grove of aged oaks near the castle has been pointed out as the usual place of execution, where many a border marauder, both Scotch and English, struggled his last. An anecdote will illustrate this. The lord warden being a thoughtful student, as well as a dauntless soldier, was poring one day over a book, when a trooper hastily entered his study to report that a man of dubious character, from the wrong side of the border, had been captured. He proceeded to inquire his master's pleasure as to the prisoner's treatment, when Lord William, indignant at the interruption, exclaimed, 'Hang him, in the devil's name!' To hear was to obey; the captive was a Scotchman, and no command could be couched in plainer words. The soldier, making no allowance for the puzzling nature of schoolmen's pages, nor supposing for a moment that his master had frowned (as King John would have had Hubert think) 'more out of humour than advised respect,' straightway hurried his unfortunate prisoner to a convenient tree. Imagine Lord William's surprise when, upon expressing a desire to examine the case, he was informed that his previous order had been obeyed to the letter. His lordship's library was placed alongside his oratory, high up in the eastern tower, communicating by a narrow stone stair with his dormitory. From a catalogue which he drew up, we were glad to perceive that his collection comprised Shakespeare's plays and Homer's Iliad, as it showed that notwithstanding his predilection for the severer studies of theology and history, and in spite of the distractions consequent upon a military life, he could occasionally find leisure to unbend his mind over the creations of poetic genius. From what we know of his scholastic habits, we can well believe that, secure within his 'peaceful citadel' amongst his beloved books, he often allowed the storm of elements, or of circumstance, to blow without as it listed.

It seems that his lordship frequently rode up to London. The expense of a journey, with twenty attendants and twelve horses, amounted to about £15—a fact which shows the great difference in the value of money between that time and the present, since he must have been at least six days on the road. A century earlier, a similar journey from Skipton Castle, in Yorkshire, to London, cost the Earl of Cumberland, with thirty-three servants, £7, 16s. In 1622 Lord William was attacked with an illness of some danger, since he deemed it necessary to betake himself to Spa, near Aix-la-Chapelle, then the fashionable bathing-place, for the purpose of recruiting his health. In passing, we may notice that this place has given its name to every other medicinal spring, all of them being now termed Spas. The water-drinkers, always a vagrant tribe, have discovered elsewhere *brunnen* of filthier tinge and more offensive odour, and the glory of Spa has become eclipsed; but they cannot take away the honour it possesses of being known to the Romans, and of the visit in 1717 of Peter the Great. To return, however, to our subject. Mr Howard, in the work from which we before quoted, informs us that Lady Howard was often called 'Bessie with the Braid Apron,' not, as he conceived, from any embroidery of that part of her dress, but using the word *broad* in allusion to the breadth or extent of her possessions. This may be so; but in Mr Howard's remarks concerning the epithet by which that lady's husband is usually known, we think there is good reason to suppose, as we shall presently show, that he has mistaken the origin of the appellation. These are Mr Howard's words—'Lord William is, in the Lay of the Last Minstrel, called by Sir Walter Scott "Belted Will Howard," meaning, I apprehend, that he was in the habit of wearing the *baldrick*, or broad belt, which was formerly worn as a distinguishing badge by persons of high station. But this as to him is not at all founded in fact, as the belts which he wears in his pictures are particularly

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narrow. But the characteristic epithet with which his name has come down to our times is *Bauld*, meaning *Bold Wyllie*. We shall now give Sir Walter's sketch of the Lord of Naworth—

than whom knight
Was never dubbed more bold in fight,
Nor when from war and armour free,
More famed for stately courtesy.

Costly his garb, his Flemish ruff
Fell o'er his doublet shaped of buff,
With satin slashed and lined;
Tawny his boot, and gold his spur,
His cloak was all of Poland fur,
His hose with silver twined;
His Bilboa blade, by marchmen felt,
Hung in a broad and studded belt;
Hence, in rude phrase, the borderers still
Called noble Howard belted Will.

The 'broad and studded belt' here alluded to was preserved at Naworth up to the breaking out of the late fire, amongst other memorials of its brave wearer. It was not, however, so much remarkable for breadth as for the metal studs upon its surface, arranged so as to form this couplet in German, a translation of which is subjoined:—

O mensch gedenc an diesen tag
Dass Gottes starcke hand vermag.

[O man! reflect that on this day
God's hand hath power to save or slay.]

The appellation of 'belted' may be easily traced to this baldrick. Doubtless, in the vulgar imagination, its uncouth characters looked up some mysterious charm that protected the person of its wearer from danger; an impression that he himself would be in no haste to remove, and which seemed to be countenanced both by his fearless activity and the hours spent in the seclusion of his study.

Lord William was a member of the church of Rome, and apparently a reverent student of her creed. His library contained many religious treatises, and amongst them was one upon the Real Presence, with the autograph of its author, John Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, 'a martyr, if not to the truth that is recorded in the authentic book of heaven, yet to that copy of it which he thought authentic, which was written upon his heart in the antique characters of authoritative age.*' Will was in the habit of writing a motto on the title-pages of his books in allusion to the subject; for instance, in Calvin's Institutes, he had placed in Latin St Paul's exhortation, 'Let him that thinketh he standeth, take heed lest he fall;' whilst in an astronomical treatise by Galileo, he had written—

For their glory is to change,
And their liberty to range.

History and antiquities engrossed much of the lord warden's attention, especially the latter. In the Arundel collection of manuscripts in the British Museum, there are notes and copies of ancient documents in his own neat handwriting. He was the intimate friend of Camden and Sir Robert Cotton, the collector of the Cottonian manuscripts; indeed one of his daughters was married to Sir Robert's son. One of his letters to the antiquary, preserved in that collection, exhibits his laudable anxiety as a 'lover of venerable antiquity' in so striking a light, that we shall transcribe part of it. The letter is dated 'Naward, 13^o Augusti, 1608;' and we must premise that Sir Robert and Camden had, in their travels northwards, visited that place the preceding year. One might imagine, from the mention of 'these extreme partes,' and 'this cold region,' that it was within the Arctic circle instead of Cumberland that Lord William lived. 'Sir Thomas, the curate of Willemonwicke, that you directed me to, is removed, and his successor would not adventure to deliver the stones before he knewe his master's pleasure, which at first motion I obtained. Till haye tyme was past, I could gett no

draughts to undertake to carry them, and now hae tyme is done, there are no draughts in the countrie able to drawe them, so as thereupon I have appointed myne owne draughts to deliver them at Newborne, from whence I doubt not but they shall be speedily conveyed by water to Mr Ruddall, who I assure myself will take the opportunitie of the first vesle to transport them to the most convenient haven, from whence you may with most speed long them in such a place as you intend they shall rest without remove, which I wishe maile remaine as many yeares in your limits, under the protection of your name and familie, as they have had residence in these partes sence the author of them did first erect them; for that I much feare I shall not this yeare see you in these extreame partes, I thought good to informe you in general, but not to mention any in particular, that I have gotten, and know we are to have neere about me, at least 12 stones, most of them faire inscriptions, that you have not yet heard of, and your penance shall be to come yourself and pick out the contents before you gett any knowledge of them. And so, earnestly desiringe so much happines as once more to see you in this cold region, I will ever more rest your professed friend, William Howard.' Here was a polite invitation to an Oldbuck of the seventeenth century. Here was a *bonne bouche* for an Oldbuck of any century—'twelve stones' with 'faire inscriptions.' The only drawback from the promised pleasure was the *fairness* of the inscriptions; your genuine antiquary prefers a lettered stone too illegible for any eyes but his own to decipher it. We may notice, by the way, that the first sentence of the foregoing letter contains an instance of the custom that formerly obtained of styling the clergy 'Sir,' a custom of which Shakespeare has several examples.

Lord William was an ancestor of the Earl of Carlisle, the present owner of Naworth. He died in 1640, having had fifteen children by the Lady Elizabeth, his wife.

SIMON SAWLEY'S SHILLING.

On a steep hill-side, sloping down to one of our lovely English rivers, stands a small village, looking so still and sequestered, that none would imagine that the greater part of its inhabitants are weavers, employed in a silk-mill a little higher up the river. How it has preserved its primitive rural appearance, it is difficult to say; perhaps the owner of the above-mentioned mill, struck by the picturesque beauty of its detached cottages, followed the example of the original inhabitants, and built similar ones for his workpeople; for the hill-side is dotted over with cottages of every variety, from amongst which rises the taper spire of the village church, surrounded by its quiet burial-ground. There is, however, one exception to the general aspect of the village. At the foot of the hill is one row of cottages, facing the river, with gay flower-plots in front, sloping to the water's edge, and larger gardens behind, divided from each other by thick thorn hedges. In one of the cleanest of these cottages, with the trimmest flower-plot and best stocked garden, there lived, at the time I knew Westleigh, a certain Simon Sawley, or rather, to speak more correctly, I should say a certain Mrs Simon Sawley, for she being the more authoritative person, the residence was always so designated in the village. Simon was a well-meaning, good-natured, inoffensive sort of man—a good *hand* at his work; but not celebrated for great power of intellect or strength of mind. His wife was a pretty little woman, with soft brown eyes, a fine clear complexion, a neat compact figure, and mild expression of countenance. Her voice was sweet and subdued in its tone, and, to judge from appearances, you would have pronounced her the meekest and gentlest of her gentle sex. But, alas! appearances are proverbially deceitful—a truth to which, no doubt, we can all testify; but none with more reason than poor Simon. Martha Sawley, to use her own phrase, 'was

* Hartley Coleridge.

not a woman to be put upon by anybody; which meant, that she was a woman who would have her own way in spite of everybody. In fact, like many mild-looking, smooth-spoken women, Martha possessed that unconquerable obstinacy that neither intreaties nor threats can soften or subdue. She never scolded, she rarely lectured, but quietly and steadily pursued the settled purpose of her soul, regardless alike of the wishes or convenience of others. If ever it happened that she met with more than usual opposition, she would assume the air of a deeply injured person, maintain an obstinate silence, or, when absolutely obliged to speak, answer only in monosyllables; and, in short, fall into a sullen fit, from which nothing short of the most entire submission to her will could rouse her. It was rarely, indeed, that honest Simon ventured upon anything like opposition; for, though not possessed of an extraordinary development of either the arithmetical or reasoning powers, he had learned, from experience, to count the cost before entering upon the war, and to avoid a contest which must end in total defeat. There was, however, one point upon which, though he no longer ventured any open resistance, he secretly indulged in feelings of a rebellious and insubordinate nature. Mrs Sawley insisted that he should every Saturday bring home to her the whole of his week's wages, without any deduction whatever. This, of course, was quite right, and what every good husband does, or ought to do: but this was not all; she would not allow him a penny in his pocket, not even on the condition of never spending it; for, as she was wont to remark, 'men are but men at the best, and frail creatures,' therefore it was better not to put temptation in their way; 'besides, for her part, she could not see what a man, who had a good wife to provide everything comfortable for him, could want with money.' He worked for it, and she spent it, to the best advantage of course; and that, in her opinion, was the order of Providence.

One lovely evening towards the latter end of spring, Simon was busy in his garden. It happened that he was occupied near the hedge which divided his territories from those of his next neighbour. Like most remarkable individuals, Simon had his eccentricities, one of which was a habit, when any affair of moment weighed on his mind, of indulging in audible soliloquy; and as he worked, he talked to the following effect:—'Well, it is too bad, that it is; thirty shillings a-week, let alone odd jobs, and never a farthing to bless myself with. Tom Jones said he wouldn't stand it, if he was me; he'd be master. But it's easy talking; he knows nothing about it; he isn't married, and don't know Martha. Well, never mind. I've got—yes, here it is, safe and sound—I've got a shilling; I have a shilling that nobody knows nothing about.' And after gazing fondly at it for some minutes, he put it again into his pocket, which he buttoned carefully up, pulled his waistcoat well down, and patting it several times to make sure there was no outward and visible sign of the hidden treasure, he resumed his work with great self-complacency. It is commonly said that stone walls have ears; and it has been a notorious fact, ever since the days of King Midas's barber, that woods and groves are the most treacherous of confidants. Certain it is that Simon's secret was no longer his own; it passed into the possession of another, through the instrumentality of the before-mentioned hedge.

However, Simon continued his work, in blissful ignorance, until the sound of Martha's voice from the back-door warned him that supper was ready. That night he lay awake some time longer than usual, revolving in his mind how he should dispose of the bewildering sum in his possession. First, he thought of purchasing himself a new fishing-rod; then of buying a fine tulip for his flower-garden. Various temptations of a similar nature presented themselves to his imagination; but to all there was one grand objection—inquiries were sure to be made as to where the purchase-money came from; Martha would get to know all about it, and that

would never do; so every idea of the kind was dismissed entirely. Then he determined to keep it until a good opportunity occurred of proving to his fellow-workmen and acquaintances, especially to Tom Jones, that he had money, and could spend it on a glass of ale or mug of porter with the best of them. At last a bright idea struck him: he would—yes, that he would—put it into the savings' bank. With a mind set at ease by this laudable resolution, Simon fell asleep, and dreamed that his shilling had, in an incredibly short space of time, accumulated to such a degree, as to enable him to purchase a cow, two pigs, and a stock of tulips that made his garden the wonder and admiration of the whole village. The next morning proving to his great satisfaction wet, Simon (in order to put in execution the plan he had formed) proposed taking his dinner with him to the mill, instead of returning home at noon. Having happily accomplished his purpose with little trouble—for, as it was washing-day, Martha was perfectly willing to have him out of her way—he set off, walking with the conscious dignity of a man worth something. As he passed along, he was much surprised to find himself the object of general attention and amusement. Inquiries as to his health, state of mind, and future plans, were showered upon him. One wished to know when he intended to set up his carriage, and another hoped he would not forget old friends now he was so great a man. Nor was his bewilderment lessened on arriving at the mill, for all his fellow-workmen were ready with a joke and a laugh at his expense. But Simon, like Socrates, was a practical philosopher, and he bore all their raileries as a philosopher should—with unflinching calmness. As soon as the bell for the dinner-hour rang, he left his work, and having despatched his own with all possible speed, he, not without some trepidation, made his way to a neighbouring town, where he knew there was a savings' bank which would be open that day. On reaching his destination, he first looked cautiously round, to make sure he was unobserved, and seeing no one he knew, he boldly entered. Mr Vivian, Simon's master, was one of the trustees and managers of this bank, and happened to be in attendance that day. Simon, and Simon's domestic grievances, were well known to him, therefore his appearance in such a place occasioned some little surprise. 'Well, Simon,' said he, 'what is your business; nothing the matter at the mill, I hope?'

'No, sir,' replied Simon; 'I came about a little matter of my own, regarding a bit of money I was thinking of putting into the bank.'

'That's right, Simon; I am glad to hear it,' said Mr Vivian. 'You are getting good wages, and are now strong and hearty; it is very proper you should lay by something against old age or sickness. But how is it,' added he, smiling, 'that you have come without Martha?'

'The truth is,' said Simon, twisting his hat round and round as he spoke—'the truth is, sir, Martha don't know nothing at all about it; and that's one reason I brought it here, thinking it would be safe, you know, sir.'

'Oh, indeed!—that is it, is it?' said Mr Vivian.

'Why, you see, sir, it's this way,' continued Simon, lowering his voice to a confidential tone—'it's a trifle I made unknown to anybody; so I says to myself, if I keep it by me, Martha will be sure to get at it, and if I spend it, why, she'll get to know, and I shall never hear the last of it; so I'll put it in the bank, and then I shall have it safe, and it'll be making more; and,' concluded Simon, who, during this speech had been fumbling in his pocket, from the bottom of which he at length brought forth his shilling, 'here it is, and you'll be so good as not to mention it, sir.'

'Oh, certainly not, if you wish it,' replied Mr Vivian, unable to suppress his amusement at Simon's simplicity; 'but you are mistaken in supposing your shilling will, as you say, be making more. If you leave it here for five or six years, it will still be but a shilling; on the contrary, if, every week or fortnight, you added a little

more to it, it would at the end of that time amount to a sum that would really be useful to you.'

It was no small disappointment to Simon to hear that his shilling would not accumulate of its own accord; but the great object was still attainable; so he said with a sigh, and in a somewhat despairing tone, 'I'd like to leave it, if you've no objection, sir; at any rate, it'll be safe; and if I should get another shilling, why, I'll be sure to bring it too.'

'If,' said Mr Vivian, who, though greatly amused, pitied Simon's evident disappointment—'if you really are anxious to be laying something by, and do not mind a little extra work, I think I can enable you to do so. I have occasion to send twice or three times a-week to town on business, and am just now in want of a messenger I can trust. I know you to be honest and trustworthy, and if you like to undertake the job, I will put whatever you earn in that way into the savings' bank, and it will not interfere with your regular wages.'

Simon's countenance brightened at this proposal. It was just the very thing for him. He eagerly accepted the offer; and after expressing his thanks, and begging his master's secrecy, he, with a lightened heart as well as pocket, returned to Westleigh. He was now doubly armed against the rillery of his companions. Various were the devices to which they resorted to induce Simon to part with, or even to display his treasure; but, to their great surprise, against remonstrances, intreaties, and ridicule, he was proof. It was all in vain, even when Tom Jones hid himself behind the hedge. Whether Simon suspected the treachery of which it had been guilty, certain it is that he never again chose that part of his garden for his self-communings.

So weeks, months, and years passed away, and the mystery of the shilling remained unsolved. What had become of it, nobody could tell; and, as it usually happens in such cases, there were not wanting persons faithless enough to doubt whether it had ever existed. In the meantime, it must not be supposed that Mrs Sawley silently acquiesced in her husband's spending away of his time in the service of another, in return for which nothing was forthcoming. On the contrary, few days passed on which she had not some observations to make on the comparative merits of prudence and good nature, always placing the former virtue (which, according to her definition, consisted in getting everything and giving nothing) far above the latter, which, indeed, she considered as only another word for sheer folly, and concluding with a general remark on the contemptible weakness of those who were guilty of it. All this, however, Simon bore without flinching, for there is something in the knowledge of being treated with injustice that inspires even the meekest spirit with fortitude. Nay, sometimes Martha could almost have imagined that Simon turned away his face to conceal a smile. A smile at her! but no, it was impossible; she could not admit her own eyes as credible witnesses to so audacious an act.

About six years after Simon's first visit to the savings' bank, he had the misfortune to break his arm. The fracture was severe, and the pain of the setting, united with the anxiety caused by the knowledge that he was for some time disabled from his work, brought on a low fever, which for many weeks confined him to his bed; and when at length he was able to leave it, he was so weakened and reduced as to render it doubtful when he would be strong enough again to provide for the wants of his family. Added to this misfortune, food was that year remarkably dear; the harvest was bad, and the potato crop indifferent; and though Martha was an excellent nurse and manager, it surpassed even her powers to provide food and medicine, with little or nothing coming in. Their neighbours sympathised sincerely in their distress, and gave the best proofs of their sympathy by rendering them all the assistance in their power; but they were but poor themselves, and found difficulty enough in making all ends meet. It

was in the midst of these perplexities, when rent was due, a doctor's bill in prospect, and, turn which way they would, nothing but debt and poverty staring them in the face, that Simon remembered his secret hoard. From the time of their first agreement, his kind master had regularly provided him with the means of earning a small sum over and above his weekly wages, which, instead of paying to him, he had put into the savings' bank. What it amounted to by this time, Simon did not know; but he thought it never could be worse wanted, and whatever it might be, would afford some relief. His astonishment was scarcely less than his delight to find himself master of the almost incredible sum of thirteen pounds twelve shillings and sixpence. It was enough, more than enough, to pay all his debts. No farmer, contemplating his flocks and herds, his well-stored barns and crowded granaries; no merchant, welcoming into port the costly freight that almost doubles his already overflowing wealth; no young heir, gazing on the spacious park, the sunny fields, and stately woods that he can call his own, ever felt such pure and unalloyed happiness as swelled the heart and glistened in the eye of poor Simon as he looked upon his well-earned wealth. And Martha, what did she say, what did she think? Martha had been taking a few lessons in a school that seldom fails to profit and improve those who come under its discipline—the school of adversity. She had suffered anxiety, privation, and want; seen the husband, whom, after all, she truly loved, feeble and suffering, without being able to procure those things she knew to be necessary to restore him to ease and health; and had known what it was to have her children crying around her for the bread she had not to give. The tears of joy she shed when informed of this timely but most unexpected relief, were not unmingled with those of shame and self-reproach; and sincerely did she now regret her unkindness and selfishness. She said little, for Martha was not a woman of many promises; but she resolved that nothing on her part should ever again give occasion for concealment on his. Nor was her resolution in vain. In a short time Simon, with proper nourishment and good nursing, regained his accustomed health and strength, and returned to his employment; and though they had a hard winter and spring, yet, pleased with themselves and each other, they got well through it. Theirs had always been a clean, well-managed household; but now, brightened by love and confidence, there was no happier family in Westleigh, nor did they ever fail to spare something every week from their earnings to put into the savings' bank.

Great was the wonder, and many the congratulations of the good people of Westleigh; and to think, as Simon said many times in a day, 'to think that all this good should come from my shilling;' for he persisted in regarding that as the grand source of his happiness. To this day, it is common in the village, when speaking of an industrious prosperous family, to say that such persons have 'got a shilling that nobody knows of.'

THE MAURITIUS.

EAST of the African continent, the Indian Ocean is studded with a number of islands, of which Madagascar, Bourbon, and Mauritius, are the largest and most important. Madagascar, 930 miles in length by an average breadth of 300, and separated from the mainland by the Mozambique Channel, is under native rule; Bourbon, 40 miles long by 26 in breadth, and 530 miles farther seaward, is a dependency of France; and the Mauritius, about 36 miles in length by an average breadth of 22, and 70 miles north-east of Bourbon, belongs to Britain. Situated on the highway of our eastern commerce, this island, independent of its produce, is one of our most valuable possessions, forming a great resting-place for the numerous traders that traverse the Indian Ocean. Important as it is, perhaps less is known of the Mauritius than of any

other British dependency, and therefore a brief sketch of its history, natural resources, population, and commerce, chiefly gleaned from a recent source,* may be alike interesting and useful.

The Mauritius was discovered by the Portuguese about the beginning of the sixteenth century. The Dutch took possession of it in 1598, called it by its present name, in honour of Prince Maurice, made a settlement in it so late as 1644, which, however, they abandoned early in the succeeding century. The French having occupied Bourbon in 1657, sent occasional settlers to the Mauritius; and on its evacuation by the Dutch, they established a regular colony, but did not take formal possession of the island till 1721. Ten or twelve years after, the celebrated but unfortunate M. de Bourdonnaye was appointed governor of the Mauritius, or Isle de France, as it was at this time called; and perceiving the importance of the island, and its excellent harbours, to any power having possessions in India, set about its improvement with a zeal and success which have rarely been equalled. Besides extending the culture of the sugar-cane, coffee, cotton, and indigo, he introduced the manioc root from South America, and cinnamon, cloves, pepper, &c. from the Dutch islands; fixed the seat of government at Port Louis, which he may be said to have created as well as fortified; and constructed numerous roads, aqueducts, and other public works. In 1746 M. de Bourdonnaye was recalled; but during the whole period that the Mauritius belonged to the French, the effects of his good government and skill were vividly perceptible, nay, are not obliterated even at the present day. After the possessions of France in India had fallen into our hands, the importance of the Mauritius as a naval station became painfully apparent to Britain; for, during the last war, our shipping suffered by the privateers and cruisers of that island to the extent of more than two and a half millions. Exasperated by these losses, the British government sent a strong armament against it in 1810; it surrendered to our arms; and was finally ceded to us at the close of the war in 1815. Since then, it has continued in our hands, and, along with a number of adjacent islets, as Rodriguez, St Brandon, the Seychelles, Providence, Agalega, &c. constitutes a colonial government, of which St Louis is the capital.

Physically considered, the Mauritius presents the same rugged and mountainous features which characterise the whole of the islands in that region of the Indian Ocean. It is strictly of volcanic origin, and has several craters, which have evidently become dormant within the current geological era. Its rocks and mountains are universally basaltic; and limestone is only found as the basis of the coral reefs which skirt the shores. 'From whatever quarter it is approached,' says Tulloch in his report, 'the aspect is singularly abrupt and picturesque.' The land rises rapidly from the coast to the interior, where it forms three chains of mountains, from 1800 to 2600 feet in height, intersecting the country in different directions. Except towards the summit, these are generally covered with wood, and in many parts cleft into deep ravines, through which numerous rivulets find their way to the low grounds, and terminate in about twenty small rivers, by which the whole line of coast is well watered, from the foot of the mountains to the sea. Though, from its mountainous and rugged character, a great part of the interior is not available for any useful purpose, yet extensive plains, several leagues in circumference, are to be found in the high lands; and in the valleys, as well as along the coast, most of the ground is well adapted either for the ordinary purposes of agriculture, or for raising any description of tropical produce. Extensive forests still cover a considerable portion of the districts of Mahébourg, the Savanna, and Flacq, and in the centre of the island are several small lakes. The soil in many parts

is exceedingly rich, consisting either of black vegetable mould, or a bed of stiff clay of considerable depth; occasionally, the clay is found mixed with iron ore and the debris of volcanic rock. In the neighbourhood of Port Louis, and generally in the immediate vicinity of the sea, there is but a scanty covering of light friable soil over a rocky substratum of coralline formation. The whole coast is surrounded by reefs of coral, with the exception of a few openings, through which vessels can approach the shore, and at these points the different military posts for the defence of the island have been established. In so far as regards temperature, rain, physical aspect, and diversity of climate, the Mauritius exhibits a very striking resemblance to Jamaica, though, being south of the line, the seasons are reversed—summer extending from October to April, and winter during the rest of the year. The principal rainy season is from the end of December to the beginning of April, but showers are frequent at all times. Hurricanes are of frequent occurrence, and create great devastation, with much loss of life; they principally occur in January, February, and March.

The produce of the Mauritius, as might be expected from its tropical situation, consists of sugar, coffee, cotton, indigo, and various spices, besides ebony, tortoise shell, and other minor articles. In 1826, the equalisation of the Mauritian and West India sugar-duties gave a remarkable impulse to the trade of the former island; and since then, the sugar-cane has been cultivated to the almost total exclusion of coffee, cotton, and indigo. Wheat, maize, yams, manioc, bananas, potatoes, and other vegetables, are raised in limited quantities; but the inhabitants derive their main supply of farinaceous food from Hindostan, Cape of Good Hope, and Madagascar. According to Macculloch, the sugar exported from the island in 1837 amounted to 68½ million pounds, of which fully nine-tenths came to England. The other exports, though considerable, are unimportant in comparison. During the same year the total value of the imports amounted to L.1,035,783, while the exports only reached L.831,050; and of a public revenue of L.187,780, only L.177,740 was expended; so that, independent of its utility as a maritime station, this island is, in an economical point of view, one of the most valuable dependencies of the British government. The abolition of slavery does not seem to have had the same effect on labour in the Mauritius that it has had on that of the West Indies, and consequently the plantations continue to yield the same amount of produce as formerly; though it is believed by competent judges that the culture of sugar has reached its maximum. To guard against the anticipated effects of emancipation, a great number of hill-coolies were brought from India; but, despite the regulations under which they were introduced, their condition was little better than that of slavery, and, in consequence, their introduction has been stopped. Labourers from India, China, Madagascar, &c. are, however, within reach of the planter; and with these, and the emancipated negroes, the labour market seems abundantly supplied. It is, no doubt, now more difficult to obtain hands, and more care is necessary to retain them; but, otherwise, the dreaded results of emancipation have been belied. The only complaint, according to Mr Backhouse, seemed to be, 'that many of the women, instead of going to the field to labour, chose to stay at home to take care of their huts and families?'—a result which ought to form anything rather than cause of complaint, were it not that the moral perceptions of the older planters are blunted and their hearts steelled by a long course of slavery and its concomitant inhumanities.

Respecting the government of the Mauritius and its dependencies, little need be said. Power is vested in a governor and a colonial legislative council of fifteen members, subordinate to the orders of the sovereign in council. The governor is assisted in his duties by an executive council, composed, for the time being, of the colonial secretary, the advocate-general, and the officer second in command. Justice is administered in a

* A Narrative of a Visit to the Mauritius and South Africa. By James Backhouse. London: Hamilton and Co. 1844.

supreme civil and criminal court with three judges, and in a petty court, from which there is no appeal; as also by such local courts as the governor may see fit to establish. There are always certain detachments of the artillery, of the sappers and miners, and of the line, stationed in the island, whose head-quarters are Port Louis and Mahébourg, the two principal towns—the former situated on the north-west, and the latter on the south-eastern shore. So much for the general history, resources, and commerce of the Mauritius; let us now glance at the more minute features of its towns and scenery, and at the social condition of its mixed population, as sketched by Mr Backhouse.

The town of Port Louis is beautifully situated on the west side of the Mauritius, in a cove formed by a series of basaltic hills, portions of which are woody; they vary in height from 1058 to 2639 feet. The Pouce (Thumb), which lies directly behind the town, is the highest point. The lower portion of many of the houses is of hewn basalt, and the upper of wood; others are entirely of wood, painted. The streets are rather narrow; they are laid out at right angles, have footpaths with basaltic curb-stones, and are macadamised. Many of the houses have little courts in front, well stocked with fine trees and shrubs, and beautiful date and coconut palms. There are magnificent acacias, with large yellow flowers, as well as tamarinds and other trees, in some of the streets; and bananas, caladiums, marvels of Peru, and many other striking plants, on the border of a stream from the mountains, that runs through the town. An open space, like a race-course, lies behind the town: it is called the Champ de Mars, and is bordered by several large villas, built in a style of neatness and elegance like those in the neighbourhood of cities on the continent of Europe. The population of Port Louis in 1836 was 27,645, of whom 6679 males and 6664 females were free; and 8247 males and 6655 females were apprentices. Most of the latter and some of the former were persons of colour. French is the language universally spoken.

We took up our abode at Massey's hotel, the only decent inn in Port Louis. It is three storeys high, and has the hall and lower rooms floored with marble; the walls are covered with paper exhibiting large landscapes; the stairs and floors of the upper rooms are painted red, as is common here, and rubbed bright; the beds are covered with muslin curtains to keep off mosquitos, these insects being numerous, and the heat rendering it necessary to have the windows open at night. Here, for four dollars (*twelve shillings*) a-day each, we had small bedrooms, with breakfast at nine o'clock, and dinner at half past five, at the table d'hôte. The latter was in French style, consisting of a great variety of small dishes, and succeeded immediately by coffee. Burgundy wine, diluted with water, was the common beverage at dinner; but though considered as adapted to the climate—and probably it is the most so of any fermented liquor—yet persons who, for the purpose of discouraging drinking customs, have taken water only, have found themselves better rather than worse for discontinuing the use of the Burgundy wine. This much for the capital of the Mauritius, in which Mr Backhouse found everything excessively dear. Board at Massey's hotel, 12s. a-day; a watch-chain, 4s.; a country breakfast, 3s.; thirty miles in an oil-cloth covered omnibus, 12s.; mutton, 1s. per pound; beef, 8d. to 10d.; venison, 2s.; asses, from L20 to L80; and fine horses or mules at twice that sum.

Mahébourg, the second town and port in the island, is described as situated at the southern base of 'a picturesque craggy range of woody mountains, on the margin of a deep bay, into which two rivers discharge themselves. The bay is called Grand Port, and fronted by a coral reef that keeps the waters tranquil within, while the roar of the surge tumbling upon it without, continually strikes the ear. The town consists of several streets of wooden houses, chiefly of one storey, many of them shops with open fronts, and a large military barrack of

stone. The population of the town, including the district of Grand Port, was in 1836, of free persons, males, 1672; females, 1613; apprentices, males, 3337; females, 2316.' This disproportion between the number of males and females prevails still more extensively in the interior, and is one of the most clamant evils in the Mauritius. Occasioned originally by slavery, and augmented during the introduction of the hill-coolies, of whom only about 200 women were brought with upwards of 10,000 men, it has been the fertile source of much immorality and crime, for which a long continuance of freedom and education are the only adequate remedies.

The next and only other place of note visited by Mr Backhouse was the inland village of Pamplémousses, famous for its botanic garden, established by the French, and for a tomb raised to the memory of Paul and Virginia, the tale respecting whom was founded on some circumstances connected with the wreck of the *St Geran* on the 18th of August 1744. This incident, so affecting told by St Pierre, took place on the Ile d'Ambre, a small projecting ridge of rocks on the north-east of the island, covered with a few cocoa-palms and straggling screw-pines. The following sketch of the district which formed the scene of so well known a tale will be read with interest:—'On the borders of a shady part of the road near Pamplémousses, the beautiful orange and white varieties of *Thunbergia Alata* were growing, much in the manner that ground-ivy grows in England; and by the side of a brook there was a species of paper-reef, and a remarkable palm from Madagascar, from the fibres of which beautiful cloth, resembling stuff, was made. The country between Port Louis and Pamplémousses is grassy, nearly flat, and but little cultivated, up to the foot of the mountain ranges of Ponce, Moka, and Peter Bot. Beyond the village, the country is more undulating. Much of it is covered with fragments of vesicular basalt, among which the sugar-cane is cultivated. In many of the fields the stones are collected in ridges, about four feet apart, and in others into squares; the canes are planted in the spaces between these rude walls. Some of the stones are small, and others are as large as a man's head; but the soil among them is adapted for the growth of the cane, which thrives even in the fissures of the rocks, where the stones preserve it from drought. In some places there are also fields of manioc, and plantations of bananas, &c.; in others the wood has not yet been cleared, and among it are many trees of ebony, also custard-apples, guavas, &c. that have become wild.'

The surface of the Mauritius, however, is not all so tame and accessible; much of the mountain scenery is wild and picturesque. 'In the evening we accompanied a gentleman, who had resided a considerable time in the colony, to his residence on Plaines Wilhems, seven miles from Port Louis, across the Grande Rivière, and behind the mountains. Many persons of opulence reside in this district, which, being several hundred feet above the sea, is much cooler than the town. The road was crowded with people—Hindoos and Malabars, as well as blacks and Creoles, just (1838) emerging from slavery. Many of them were returning from washing in the Grande Rivière, and were carrying large bundles of clothes. Some parts of the country were not cultivated, but covered with trees, shrubs, and stones. Other parts were occupied by houses of the colonists, huts of the coloured population, and fields of manioc and sugar-cane. Some of the fields were bordered with a screw-pine, the leaves of which are used for making sugar-bags, and with *Agave Americana*, *Fourcraea gigantea*, large plants, with aloe-like foliage, that have been used for fences, but have become naturalised, as has also the Indian fig under the same circumstances. The ravine of the Grande Rivière is very beautiful, being deep, and thickly clothed with trees and shrubs, from among which rocks and numerous waterfalls emerge.' The botanist will find a large field of interesting facts in Mr Backhouse's volume, narrated with the brevity and precision of a scientific naturalist.

The animals of the Mauritius are comparatively few and insignificant, if we except the fish, turtles, shell-fish, and corals, which abound along its shores. Wild hogs and deer are met with in the forests, and occasionally furnish sport to the settlers. No beasts of prey or venomous reptile exist in the island; but small lizards are numerous, investing even the drawing-rooms of Mahébourg and Port Louis. They are quite harmless, however, eating flies and mosquitos, and occasionally partaking of the delicacies in the pantry. The tropic bird builds in the mountain forests and on the sea-cliffs; and a small hawk, about the size of our own sparrow-hawk, is said to be the only bird of prey in the island. Monkeys are not unfrequently met with; a species of hare is also found; and rabbits are naturalised on the east coast. Two species of partridge, and some pigeons, are the chief wild birds killed for food. The dodo formerly found in the island is now extinct, at least no one has met with it during the present century. Insects are numerous, and, as in all hot climates, exceedingly troublesome: but the natives seem to make reprisals in return; for the combs of a large ochre-coloured wasp are sold in the bazaar at Port Louis, the roasted larvae or grubs being prized as a delicacy by the Creole population.

The inhabitants of the Mauritius, mixed and multifarious as they are, seem to enjoy conditions more favourable than those of other recently emancipated countries. Their climate, though hot, is healthy; little clothing is required; and though farinaceous food be rather high-priced, their country yields, at little expense, sugar, coffee, manioc, yams, cocoa-nuts, bread-fruit, pine-apples, and other tropical produce. Slavery has still left them far in the rear of civilisation, and of a knowledge of true religion; and it will require many years of patient labour and care to spread the light of a better state of things amongst them. Numerous schools, under the superintendence of different missionary societies and of the government, are now established, and meet with encouragement. Mr Backhouse speaks well of these institutions, and regards them as amongst the most hopeful buddings of general improvement that he saw on the island. Besides schools, there are temperance societies, prayer meetings, chapels belonging to different sects, and other means of religious and intellectual instruction. Indeed the colony seems to be in a state of progress, though it is much retarded by the retention of old French law, and by the influence of some of the more wealthy planters in power, who are opposed to the education of the lower orders. Temperance does not seem to be one of their prominent virtues. 'The lower order of blacks in Port Louis is much debased by drinking at the authorised canteens. These are farmed from the government by a private individual; and though subjected to some good regulations, respecting being open to the street, and burning lights inside, so that every person in them may be distinctly seen, yet they afford facilities for obtaining strong drink, such as always increase its consumption among certain classes. There are also canteens in the military barracks, the profits of which are said to be devoted to the relief of soldiers' widows; and many such widows they make; for rarely a week elapses without some of the soldiery dying from *delirium tremens*, consequent upon drinking.' It is clear that this love of liquor among the lower orders, and especially among the recently emancipated negroes, can only be restrained by a higher state of education, which will enable them to comprehend the evils it gives rise to, and the comfort and happiness which an opposite course would procure. But while education and religion work their way, they ought to be aided by the positive co-operation of government, in lessening the facility of obtaining the means of indulgence. It is a blind and fatuous policy that, of expending a vast amount of money and care upon the correction of vice, and niggardly grudging the smallest allowance for its prevention. Thus, while

schools are left to the care of private individuals and the charity of missionary societies, prisons and hospitals are erected and maintained by government for the correction and cure of those led into vice and crime principally through ignorance and intemperance.

The prison of the court of justice is under remarkably good management. The building is inconvenient, scarcely admitting of classification; but a new one, intended to remedy its defects, containing eighty cells, is in progress of erection. The prisoners confined in it are debtors, persons committed for trial, and those under sentence. The last are employed in picking oakum, breaking stones, making baskets and nets, and in tailoring, shoemaking, &c.; and some are daily marched out to work at the citadel and roads. All prisoners of this class are required to work; and if they have not been accustomed to any regular occupation, they are requested to choose one, in order that they may not be ultimately turned out of prison without the means of earning a subsistence. The receipts for labour in 1836 only amounted to L.86, 7s. 9d.; but in 1837 they had increased to L.205, 1s. One half of the money is appropriated toward defraying the expenses of the prison, the other is divided among such prisoners, on being discharged, as shall have conducted themselves well. Similar accounts are given of the Bagne prison, in which slave apprentices guilty of 'marooning' (running away), and other misdemeanours, are confined; of the prison at Mahébourg; and of the military hospital, of which Mr Backhouse remarks that it is a pity so large and fine a building should be required chiefly for persons who have made themselves ill either by drinking or other moral delinquency. Crimes of a serious description are happily fewer than what might have been expected, considering the number and mixed nature of the Mauritian population. Murder and assassination are rare; robbery and theft are not unfrequent; marooning, intemperance, assault, licentiousness, and the like, forming the great bulk of the criminal calendar.

The manners and customs of the Mauritians afford little matter for remark. Those of the higher and middle classes are more French than English, though the religious observances, education, modes of living, &c. belonging to the mother country, are gradually prevailing, more particularly since the period of emancipation. Those of the lower orders are a curious mixture of Creole, Negro, Hindoo, Chinese, and English, which can only be successfully amalgamated into one by the endeavours of the British government, its teachers, and ministers of religion. In general, the inhabitants are frank and affable to each other; though slavery, as elsewhere, has stamped distinctions even among those now equal in rank, which it will require many years of freedom to efface. To be without shoes is the badge of bondage; and a negro, who will endure any amount of abuse you may choose to heap upon him, will skulk at the very mention of 'barefoot.' These distinctions of caste are kept up even in death; and the cemetery of Port Louis, one of the most picturesque that could be imagined, is divided into compartments for the rich, the poor, the negro, the Chinese, and Hindoo, as if the universal doom of 'earth to earth' should pay deference even to the rank of common inanimate elements. A population composed of so many different people must of course have many religious rites and observances; and thus it is that a vast amount of superstition and idolatry prevails even among those who, by the ceremony of baptism, are regarded as Christians. Several of these observances, as the Yamey, kept eleven days once in eleven months by the Hindoos, is a curious intermixture of gaiety, frivolity, feasting, and religion. Music, processions, dancing, gay dresses, portable pagodas, banners, idols, and feasting, compose this ritual, which, though not partaken in, is, seemingly, witnessed and enjoyed by all classes in the island. These displays of heathenism are, however, passing away, and by and by will be held as mere holidays, just as the god-days of our Teutonic ancestors were observed in

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Britain long after there was no religious idea attached to them, and when we were professedly a nation of Christians. The dresses of the lower orders are simple, and adapted to the climate; though in many cases it would be desirable that something more than a mere loin-cloth and turban were added to their wardrobes. The females generally go without caps, but many wear their hair tastefully done up in huge tortoise shell combs; and those of the elder women tie coloured handkerchiefs over their heads above their combs, or even wear veils thrown over the neck and shoulders.

Such is a brief glance at the Mauritius; its history, produce, commerce, scenery, and population, from which it may be seen that, small as it is, it forms one of the most valuable of our colonial dependencies, and worthy of all the attention that government can bestow, if not on account of its resources, at least for the importance of its position to our Eastern Commerce.

PERILS OF BUFFALO-HUNTING.

AMONG the numerous stories of the chase in India, America, and at home, with which we have amused our readers, the following is undoubtedly one of the most interesting. It is related by Mr Featherstonhaugh in his *Excursion through the Slave States*—a work noticed in No. 27 of our current series:—

'The most interesting hunter's story I have ever heard was told me by our host, Mr Percival, who has followed the first-chase from his youth. In 1807 he was on a trapping expedition with two companions on the Washita, when they left him to kill buffalo, bear, and the larger game; and he remained to trap the streams for beaver. He had not met with very good success, and had been without meat about twenty-four hours, when, turning a small bend of the river, he espied a noble-looking old male buffalo lying down on the beach. Having secured his canoe, he crept softly through a corn-brake which lay between the animal and himself, and fired. The shot was an indifferent one, and only wounded the animal in the side; but it roused him, and having crossed the river, he soon lay down again. This was about noon, when the animal, having grazed, was resting himself in a cool place. Percival now crossed the river also in his canoe, and got into the woods, which were there very open, and somewhat broken by little patches of prairie land; a very frequent occurrence in these parts of Arkansas, where forest and prairie often seem to be contending for the mastery. But the bull being suspicious, rose before the hunter came near enough to him, and took to the open woods. Percival was an experienced hunter; he had killed several hundred buffaloes, and knew their tempers in every sort of situation. He knew that the animal, when in large herds, was easily mastered, and was well aware that when alone he was sometimes dogged, and even dangerous; he therefore followed his prey cautiously for about a mile, knowing that he would lie down again ere long. The buffalo now stopped, and Percival got within fifty yards of him, watching an opportunity to strike him mortally; but the beast seeing his enemy so near, wheeled completely round, put his huge shaggy head close to the ground before his fore-feet, as is their custom when they attack each other, and rapidly advanced upon the hunter, who instantly fired, and put his ball through the bull's nose; but seeing the temper the beast was in, and knowing what a serious antagonist he was when on the offensive, he also immediately turned and fled.

'In running down a short hill some briars threw him down, and he dropped his gun. There was a tree not far from him of about eighteen inches diameter, and everything seemed to depend upon his reaching it; but as he rose to make a push for it, the buffalo struck him on the fleshy part of the hip with his horn, and slightly wounded him. Before the beast, however, could wheel round upon him again, he gained the tree, upon which all the chance he had of preserving his life rested. A very few feet from this tree grew a sapling, about four or five inches in diameter; a most fortunate circumstance for the hunter, as it contributed materially to save his life. The buffalo now doggedly followed up his purpose of destroying his adversary, and a system of attack and defence commenced that perhaps is without a parallel. The buffalo went round and round the tree pursuing the man, jumping at him in the peculiar manner of that animal, every time he thought

there was a chance of hitting him; whilst Percival, grasping the tree with his arms, swung himself round it with greater rapidity than the animal could follow him. In this manner the buffalo harassed him more than four hours, until his hands became so sore with rubbing against the rough bark of the oak tree, and his limbs so fatigued, that he began to be disheartened.

'In going round the tree, the buffalo would sometimes pass between it and the sapling; but the distance between them was so narrow that it inconvenienced him, especially when he wanted to make his jumps; he therefore frequently went round the sapling instead of going inside of it. The time thus consumed was precious to Percival; it enabled him to breathe, and to consider how he should defend himself.

'After so many hours' fruitless labour, the bull seemed to have lost his pristine vigour, and became slower in his motions; he would now make his short start, preparatory to his jump, only at intervals; and even then he jumped doubtfully, as if he saw that Percival would avoid his blow by swinging to the other side. It was evident he was baffled, and was considering what he should do. Still continuing in his course round the tree, but in this slow manner, he at length made an extraordinary feint, that does honour to the reasoning powers of the buffalo family. He made his little start as usual, and when Percival swung himself round, the bull, instead of aiming his blow in the direction he had been accustomed to do, suddenly turned to that side of the tree where Percival would be brought when he had swung himself round, and struck with all his might. The feint had almost succeeded: Percival only just saved his head, and received a severe contusion on his arm, which was paralysed for an instant. He now began to despair of saving his life; his limbs trembled under him; he thought the buffalo would wear him out; and it was so inexpressibly painful to him to carry on this singular defence, that at one time he entertained the idea of leaving the tree, and permitting the animal to destroy him, as a mode of saving himself from pain and anxiety that were intolerable.

'But the buffalo, just at that time giving decided symptoms of being as tired as himself, now stopped for a few minutes, and Percival took courage. Remembering that he had his butcher's knife in his breast, he took it out, and began to contrive plans of offence; and when the bull, having rested a while, recommenced his old rounds, Percival took advantage of the slowness of his motions, and using a great deal of address and management, contrived in the course of half an hour to stab and cut him in a dozen different places. The animal now became weak from loss of blood, and although he continued to walk round the tree, he made no more jumps, contenting himself with keeping his head and neck close to it. This closed the conflict, for it enabled Percival to extend his right arm, and give him two deadly stabs in the eyes. Nothing could exceed the frantic rage of the unwieldy animal when he had lost his sight; he bellowed, he groaned, he pawed the ground, and gave out every sign of conscious ruin and immitigable fury; he leaned against the sapling for support, and twice knocked himself down by rushing with his head at the large tree. The second fall terminated this strange tragic combat, which had now lasted nearly six hours. The buffalo had not strength to rise, and the conqueror, stepping up to him, and lifting up his high shoulder, cut all the flesh and ligaments loose, and turned it over his back. He then, after resting himself a few minutes, skinned the beast, took a part of the meat to his canoe, made a fire, broiled and ate it.

'Of the intense anxiety of mind produced in the hunter by this conflict, an idea may be formed from the fact, that when he joined his companions after a separation of forty days, they asked why he looked so pale and emaciated, and inquired "if he had been down with the fever?" He then related to them his adventure with the buffalo, adding, that from that very evening when he prevailed over the animal, he had never got any quiet rest; and so severely had his nervous system been shaken, that as soon as the occupations of the day were over, and he had lain down to rest, the image of the resolute and powerful animal always came before him, putting his life in jeopardy in a thousand ways, and creating in him such a desperate agitation of mind, that he was constantly jumping up from the ground to defend himself: such was his state, that he who had been formerly proverbial for his daring and resolution, now trembled with apprehension even when a covey of quails unexpectedly

flushed before him. Mr Percival told me that three months had elapsed after this adventure before his sleep became tranquil, and that although twenty-seven years had now passed away, every sudden noise would disconcert him, even if it were the crowing of a cock. Ten years ago he had the curiosity to visit the place where so memorable a passage in his life occurred, and he found the bark of the tree sufficiently torn and abraded to have identified it, even if the bones of his ancient adversary had not been there.*

AUTUMN.

[From 'Landscape Lyrics.']

BY WILLIAM ANDERSON.

THE orchard's piteous store,
The apple-boughs o'erburdened with their load,
That passers-by may gather from the road,
Hang now the near walls o'er:

And silberts, bursting fair,
Seduce the loiterer to reach the hand,
And pluck the offered treasures of the land,
With wood-nuts that are there.

The still hill-sides are clad
With bloom; the distant moorland now is bright
With blossom and with beauty; the rich sight
The heart of man makes glad.

The hamlet is at peace;
And, in the ripened fields, the reapers ply
Their useful labour; while a golden sky
Smiles on the soil's increase.

To the romantic spring,
That pushes lone beneath the neighbouring hill,
The cottage maidens go their jars to fill,
While carols rude they sing.

Sweet is the cuckoo's song
In early spring, and musical and blessed
The nightingale—young Summer's lutenist—
Pours its gay notes along;

And in the thunder's roar,
In autumn, when the sudden lightnings flash,
Sweet sings the misel-thrush amid the crash,
The bursting tempest o'er!*

As solitary tree,
That, pilgrim-like, scathless, amid the shock
Of rudest storms that burst the sterner rock,
Stands in its grandeur free.

But sweeter than them all,
And softer than the voice of love returned,
Are the untutored lays of lips unburned
From village maids that fall!

To schoolboys' feelings dear
Is rich-toned autumn. Oh! with what a zest
They plunge in stream retired—despoil a nest—
Or ramble far and near.

How oft, when changeful Time
Has sprinkled o'er our locks its silver threads,
Remembrance brings to mind—and gladness sheds—
The pastimes of our prime!

The lowing of the kine,
In distant meadow-glades, comes on the ear,
With taste of nature fresh, like far-off cheer
Of rustics, as they join

The merry dance at eve;
Each rural sound has in it joy and health:
Man now should garner thought as well as wealth,
And gladly truth receive.

The calm and picturesque;
The foliaged cedar, and the wreathed beech,
More glowing thoughts and impulses can teach
Than Learning from his desk!

* The singing of the misel-thrush during a thunder-storm has always appeared to me a beautiful incident in nature. The louder the thunder roars, the shriller and sweeter becomes its voice. This interesting little bird is popularly known by the name of the storm-cock, because he is supposed to sing boldest immediately previous to a storm; but that he also sends forth his 'native wood-notes wild' during its continuance, is a fact which has been satisfactorily ascertained. Undismayed by the tempest's fury, or rather rejoicing in its violence, the small but spirited songster warbles on unceasingly, as if desirous of emulating the loudness of the thunder-tone, or of making his song be heard above the noise of the raging elements.

A FRAGMENT FOR THE YOUNG.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

ARE there any among you, my young friends, who desire to preserve health and cheerfulness through life, and at length to reach a good old age? If so, listen to what I am about to tell you.

A considerable time ago I read in one of the newspapers of the day that a man had died near London at the advanced age of 110 years, that he never had been ill, and that he had maintained through life a cheerful, happy temperament. I wrote immediately to London, begging to know if, in the old man's treatment of himself, there had been any peculiarity which had rendered his life so lengthened and so happy, and the answer I received was as follows:—

'He was uniformly kind and obliging to everybody; he quarrelled with no one; he ate and drank merely that he might not suffer from hunger or thirst, and never beyond what necessity required. From his earliest youth he never allowed himself to be unemployed. These were the only means he used.'

I took a note of this in a little book where I generally write all that I am anxious to remember, and very soon afterwards I observed in another paper that a woman had died near Stockholm at 115 years of age, that she never was ill, and was always of a contented, happy disposition. I immediately wrote to Stockholm, to learn what means this old woman had used for preserving her health, and now read the answer:—

'She was always a great lover of cleanliness, and in the daily habit of washing her face, feet, and hands in cold water, and as often as opportunity offered, she bathed in the same; she never ate or drank any delicacies or sweetmeats; seldom coffee, seldom tea, and never wine.'

Of this likewise I took a note in my little book.

Some time after this again I read that near St Petersburg a man had died who had enjoyed good health till he was 120 years old. Again I took my pen and wrote to St Petersburg, and here is the answer:—

'He was an early riser, and never slept beyond seven hours at a time; he never was idle; he worked and employed himself chiefly in the open air, and particularly in his garden. Whether he walked or sat in his chair, he never permitted himself to sit awry; or in a bent posture, but was always perfectly straight. The luxurious and effeminate habits of citizens he held in great contempt.'

After having read all this in my little book, I said to myself, 'You will be a foolish man indeed not to profit by the example and experience of these old people.'

I then wrote out all that I had been able to discover about these happy old people upon a large card, which I suspended over my writing-desk, so that I might have it always before my eyes to remind me what I ought to do, and from what I should refrain. Every morning and evening I read over the contents of my card, and obliged myself to conform to its rules.

And now, my dear young readers, I can assure you, or the word of an honest man, that I am much happier, and in better health than I used to be. Formerly, I had headache nearly every day, and now I suffer scarcely once in three or four months. Before I began these rules, I hardly dared venture out in rain or snow without catching cold. In former times, a walk of half an hour's length fatigued and exhausted me; now I walk miles without weariness.

Imagine, then, the happiness I experience; for there are few feelings so cheering to the spirit as those of constant good health and vigour. But, alas! there is something in which I cannot imitate these happy old people—and that is, that I have not been accustomed to all this from my youth.

Oh that I were young again, that I might imitate them in all things, that I might be happy and long-lived as they were!

Little children who read this, you are the fortunate ones who are able to adopt in perfection this kind of life! What, then, prevents you living henceforward as healthily and happily as the old woman of Stockholm, or as long and as usefully as the old men of London and St Petersburg?

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